

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME III.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 119.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
J. W. HARRIS & Wm. N. ANGEL.
Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, -- \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, -- -- 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.
Terms of Advertising.
One square (12 lines or less), first insertion fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as
follows:

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
out and charged for. When a postponement is
added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers--post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY--1853

WILLIAM HATHAWAY, Jr., Judge of Pro-
bate for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crookery,
Ottawa Co., Mich.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa Co. Office
over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Washington
House.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa Co. Office
over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Washington
House.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co.,
and Justice of the Peace. Office third door be-
low the Washington House, up stairs.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds,
and Notary Public for Ottawa Co. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite
the Washington House.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, Prosecuting
Attorney, and Circuit Court Commissioner for
Ottawa Co. Office third door below the Wash-
ington House, up stairs.

MORRIS BUCK, County Surveyor. Residence,
Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door
west of H. Griffin's store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels'
Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

MORRIS BUCK, Physician and Surgeon.
Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Sur-
geon. Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop--
Washington street.

L. K. DEVELLY, Tailor and Cutter. The sub-
scriber has opened his shop, and would respect-
fully invite the attention of the citizens of Mus-
kegon and vicinity who are in want of a first
rate garment, good and stylish. I feel confident
in giving entire satisfaction to those who may
favor me with their patronage. Muskegon, Ot-
tawa Co., Mich.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Mar-
tin, Storage, Forwarding and Commission Mer-
chant. Grand Rapids, Mich.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington street, second door west of H. Grif-
fin's store.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.
Store corner Washington and Water streets.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, and Stone
Ware, Hardware, Groceries, Provisions and Ship
Stores, Lumber, Shingles, Staves, &c.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines; and man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of lumber.
Water street.

WM. M. FERRY, Jr. J. W. M. FERRY.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c. At the Post office, corner of
Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchants; general dealers
in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and
Provisions; manufacturers and dealers whole-
sale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill
Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c. Muskegon, Mich.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By Henry Penny-
on. The proprietor has the past spring newly
fitted and partly re-furnished this House, and
feels confident visitors will find the House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By Herman Jo-
achim. This House is pleasantly situated with
excellent rooms well furnished, and the table
abundantly supplied with the luxuries and sub-
stantials of life.

HORACE MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker.
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Shop one door below the
Washington House.

J. MULDER, Clock and Watch Maker, Mill
Point, Mich., is prepared to do all kinds of work
in the best manner and on the most reasonable
terms.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Justice of the Peace and
Notary Public for Ottawa County, has resumed
his former Land Agency business, and will at-
tend promptly to the payment of non-resident's
taxes; will negotiate for the purchase or sale of
both pine and farming lands. Deeds, Bonds or
mortgages, &c., executed at reasonable rates
and with despatch. Office opposite the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven.

GROSVENOR REED, Attorney and Counsellor
at Law. All business intrusted to me will be
promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Resi-
dence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

A. B. BIDWELL & SON, Confectionery and
Bakery, Grand Rapids, Mich. C. B. Albee agent
for Grand Haven and vicinity.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Barber, Hairdresser, &c.
Office in George Park's new building, up stairs,
Washington street.

From the Syracuse Star.
UNCLE BEN'S RAM.

BY BILL RAMBLE.

Uncle Ben was a queer old man,
A queer old man was he;

He owned a ram—a butting ram;
In fact his butting propensities prompted
him to butt every thing buttable he could see.

Uncle Ben had a fat old spouse,
A fat old spouse was she;

Who used to feed and pail his cows,
That came up into the lawn every night,
And stood under a large pear tree.

This fat old wife never used a stool,
To milk would ne'er sit down;

And though Old Ben called her a fool,
Yet she would never hearken to his ad-
vice; but to reciprocate the favor, she said he was
a clown.

But one sad morn, as Brindle stood
Beneath the stately pear,

Old Ben's wife, in merry mood,
Was milking her—occupying her usual
position with posterior extremity a little elevated
in the air.

The ram and Ben the fact espied,
And loudly Ben did shout;

"Squat down, squat down!" he sternly cried,
But she didn't hear him, and before he
could interfere, the ram had turned his fat old
wife inside out!

Now Uncle Ben was very wroth,
Ah, very wroth was he;

He took the grind-stone from the trough,
And tying a rope to it, hung it on a limb
of the old pear tree.

Then like a heavy pendulum,
He swung that mighty rock;

Which seemed to say, "I'm up to fun,
Mr. ram, so just 'come in' will you, and
take an affectionate knock."

Right briskly then the fight began,
The stone would not "give in,"

And Ben's old ram would yield to none,
So he butted all day, and when Uncle Ben
went to bed, he was still butting like all sin.

But when Old Ben arose next day,
And went into the lawn,

The ram butted himself away,
And every thing under heaven, but about
two inches of his tail used up—completely gone.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.—We have so frequently
been asked by friends and others, "why the boy
in a printing office is called the Devil," that we
have concluded to give what little we know up-
on the subject.

The first person who carried on printing to
any extent, (if they were not the actual inven-
tors of that art, as some assert,) were John Gut-
temberg, John Faust, (or Faustus,) and Peter
Schöffer. Germany was the place where the art
was invented, and first carried on. The fol-
lowing story is told of the first introduction of
printing into France:

"In 1462, Faust carried a number of bibles to
Paris, which he and his partner, Schöffer, had
printed, and disposed of them as manuscripts;
at this time the discovery of the art was not
known in France. At first he sold them at the
high price of five or six hundred crowns, the
price usually obtained by the scribes. He af-
terwards lowered his price to sixty, which created
universal astonishment; but when he pro-
duced them according to the demand, and even
reduced the price to thirty, all Paris became
agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased
their wonder, the Parisians considering it a task
beyond human invention; information was given
to the police against him as a magician; his
lodgings were searched, a great many bibles
were found and seized; the red ink with which
they were embellished was said to be his blood;
it was seriously adjudged that he was in league
with the devil, whereupon he was cast into pris-
on, and would probably have shared the fate of
such whom ignorant and superstitious judges
condemned in those days for witchcraft. He
now found it necessary, in order to gain his lib-
erty, to make known the discovery of the art.
This circumstance gave rise to the tradition of
'The devil and Dr. Faustus,' which is handed
down to the present time."

The ignorance and superstition that consid-
ered printing an invention of the "Evil One"
would also, very naturally, suppose the men en-
gaged in it as being the servants of Satan, if
not actual fiends in human shape. It is univer-
sally considered that the above story gave rise
to the practice of calling the office-boy by the
name of "Devil."

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our
fathers there were such to be met with as men
and women; but now they are all gone, and in
their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or,
to be still more refined, a race of "ladies and
gentlemen," has sprung up. Women and girls
are among the things that were; but "ladies"
are found everywhere. Miss Martineau, wish-
ing to see the women wards in a prison in Ten-
nessee, was answered by the warden, "we have
no ladies here at present, madam." Now, so
far as the ladies are concerned, it was very well
that none of them were in prison; but then it
seems a little odd, ladies in—prison! It would
seem bad enough for women to be in such a
place.

A lecturer discoursing upon the characteris-
tics of woman, illustrated thus: Who were the
last at the Cross? Ladies. Who were the
first at the Sepulchre? Ladies. On the
modern improvement we have heard of but one
thing that beats the above. It was the finishing
touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an
exquisite divine, up to all the modern refine-
ments. When he had thrown the chain of Hy-
men around the happy couple, he concluded by
saying, "I now pronounce you husband and
lady." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs
into their mouths, and got out of the room as
quickly as possible to take breath.

[Washington (N. C.) Com.]

Counterfeit gold dollars are numerous.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The "rights and wrongs
of women" having been recently brought prom-
inently before our citizens by one or two femi-
nine lecturers, it may be regarded not inopport-
une to print the views of Nathaniel Hawthorne,
an author of some note, on the subject. Mr.
H.'s works are very generally popular with the
ladies, and they will read what he has to say
with some degree of interest. He is eloquent:
[Det. Free Press.]

"Despise woman? No! She is the most
admirable handiwork of God, in her true place
and character. Her place is at man's side. Her
office, that of the sympathizer; the unreserved,
unquestioning believer; the recognition, with-
held in every other manner, but given, in pity,
through woman's heart, lest man should utterly
lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own
voice, pronouncing 'It is well done.' All the
separate action of woman is, and ever has been,
and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destruc-
tive of her own best and holiest qualities, void
of every good effect, and productive of intoler-
able mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman;
but woman is a monster—and, thank
Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto im-
aginary monster—without man as her acknowl-
edged principal! As true as I had once a moth-
er, whom I loved, were there any prospect of
woman's taking the social stand which some of
them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who
only dream of such things because they have
missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because
nature made them really neither man nor woman!
If there was a chance of their attaining to
the end which these petticoated monstrosities
have in view, I would call upon my own
sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable
evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back
within their proper bounds! But it will not be
needful. The heart of true womanhood knows
where its own sphere is, and never seeks to
stray beyond it."

IRELAND DESERTED.—If the rush for America
should keep pace a brief period in the future
with the wholesale desertion of the past and
present, Ireland will be almost depopulated
and given up to desolation. Every county is
feeling the impulse, and swelling the ranks of
the rushing army. The Galway Packets notice
the departure of over one hundred of the best
farm population of Menlo an Dangan, and
adds:

"It was truly heart rending to witness the
scene which was presented on that occasion. It
is melancholy to see the bone and sinew of the
land thus flying away at the time when it might
be supposed sufficient employment could be ob-
tained at home. But not even the certainty of
constant employment, and the high wages which
agricultural laborers must receive in the gather-
ing in of the approaching harvest, can induce the
Irishman to remain at home. It would seem as
if the removal of the entire race from their na-
tive soil had been pre-ordained. We are quite
certain that at no period during the last cen-
tury was the want of labor so keenly felt in this
country, as it will be within the next four
months. The impolicy of not adopting some
energetic means of retaining the working popu-
lation, in Ireland will be seen when it is too
late, and when those who remain will have suf-
ficient cause to repent the social disorganization
which produced the exodus which is now thin-
ning the homes of Ireland, and carrying to a for-
eign State the strength and hope of the coun-
try."

CHRISTIANITY.—One of the excellencies of
Christianity is, that it is not an abstruse theory,
nor wrapped up in abstract phrases, but taught
us in facts, in narratives. It lives, it moves,
speaks, and acts before our eyes. Christianity
is not taught us in cold precepts. It speaks
from the Cross. So immortality is not a vague
promise. It breaks forth like the morning from
the tomb near Calvary. It becomes a glorious
reality in the person of the rising Saviour, and
his ascension opens to our view the Heaven in-
to which he enters. It is this historical form of
our religion which peculiarly adapts it to child-
hood, to the imagination and heart, which open
first in childhood. [Channing.]

IRON MANUFACTURE IN DETROIT.—We learn
from a reliable source, that an association of
some of our most enterprising and wealthiest
citizens is being formed for the purpose of pur-
chasing the exclusive right of Michigan in the
manufacture of iron by the Renton process, and
that the necessary works will probably be im-
mediately erected at some point in or near our
city. The agent for Mr. Renton, who has been
negotiating with these gentlemen, left town
yesterday, and will return in a day or two, when
without doubt the arrangements will be perfect-
ed. No branch of industry would be more ad-
vantageous to the prosperity of our city than
this contemplated work. [Det. Daily Times.]

A young nobleman, celebrated for his Here-
nean strength and rashness, has made a voyage
from Venice to Trieste alone, standing on two
planks four feet long, by one foot wide and four
inches thick, fastened by an iron clasp, and with-
out any other help than a pole. He arrived
at Trieste, seventy miles from Venice, safe and
sound, having gained his wager.

Dr. James K. Davis, who went out to Turkey
seven or eight years ago, on invitation of the
Sultan, to attempt the cultivation of cotton, failed
in that enterprise, but brought back some
Persian goats, which produce the cashmere
wool and from which he is raising up a flock of
goats that promise to be a valuable addition to
the stock of the country.

Wm. Root, Druggist, of Marietta, Geo., writes
us that a few cloves added to a bottle of gum
tragacanth solution (paste) will keep it sweet;
he believes; they will also keep ink from be-
coming mouldy. [Scientific American.]

An American is erecting a large machine
shop at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands.

There is a man in Troy so mean that he wish-
ed his landlord to reduce the price of his board
bill, because he has had two teeth extracted.

MISS BIFFIN—The Limbless Lady.—This
most accomplished person, having been born
with neither arms nor legs, contrived to paint
miniatures and cut watch paper with her nose.

Miss Biffin, before her marriage, was taken to
Covent Garden Theatre, early in the evening,
before the performance began, by the gentle-
man to whom she was afterward united. He
having some other engagement, deposited his
fair charge in the corner of the back seat of one
of the upper front boxes, where aided by a long
drapery, such as children in arms wear, and a
large shawl, she sat as unmoved as unmoveable,
enjoying the play and farce—not perhaps, ap-
plauding in the ordinary style by clapping, or
expressing her impatience at any needless delay
by stamping on the floor.

The engagement, however, of the beau proved
longer than the performance of the theatre.
The audience retired, and lights were extin-
guished, and still Miss Biffin remained. The box-
keeper ventured to assert that as all the compa-
ny were out, and most of the lights were out
too, it was necessary she should retire. Unwill-
ing to discover her misfortune, and not at all
knowing how far she might trust the box-keep-
er, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend
had not arrived as he had promised.

"We can't wait here for your friend Miss.—
You really must go," was the only reply she ob-
tained from the obdurate janitor.

At length Mr. Brandon, then box-book and
house-keeper, hearing the discussion, came to the
spot, and insinuated the absolute necessity of
Miss B.'s departure, hinting something extreme-
ly ungallant about a constable.

"Sir," said Miss Biffin, "I would give the
world to go, but I cannot without my friend."

"You cannot have any friend here to-night
ma'am, said Mr. Brandon, for the doors are now
shut."

"What shall I do, sir?" said the lady.

"If you will give me your arm, ma'am," said
Brandon, "I'll see you down to the stage door,
when you can send for a coach."

"Arm, sir!" said the lady, "I wish I could, sir;
but I have got no arms."

"Dear me ma'am," said the box-keeper, "how
very odd! However ma'am, if you get upon
your legs, I will take care of you."

"I have not got any legs, sir," said Miss Bif-
fin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon, who pro-
fessed himself much astonished at the intelli-
gence; and had not Miss Biffin's faithful friend
arrived just at this moment via the coach door,
it is impossible to imagine what would have hap-
pened.

Her intended, who was perfectly alive to all
the peculiarities of his beloved, ended the affair
in a moment, by bundling her up, lifting her
from her seat, as Caesar did, "with decency,"
and carrying her off upon his shoulders, as a
butcher's boy would transport a fillet of veal in
his tray.

FASHION IN FUNERALS.—It has become un-
fashionable in New York to attend funerals to
the grave. Even the mother may not accompa-
ny the lifeless form of her beloved child be-
yond the threshold, without violating the dread
laws of Fashion. [N. Y. Paper.]

Are there such mothers? Lives there one
who, at Fashion's bidding, stands back, nor pres-
ses her lip to the little marble form that once lay
warm and quivering beneath her heartstrings?
who with undimmed eye recalls the trusting
clasp of that tiny hand, the loving glance of that
loved eye, the music of that merry laugh—its
low pained moan, or its last fluttering heart quiv-
er?

—who would not rather than strange hands
should touch the babe, herself robe its dainty
limbs for burial?—who shrinks not, starts not,
when the careless business hand removes the
darling from its cradle bed, where loving eyes
so oft have watched its rosy slumbers, to its
last, cold, dreamless pillow?—who lingers not
when all have gone, and vainly strives,
with straining eyes, to pierce below that little
fresh lain mound?—who when a merry group go
dancing by, stops not with sudden thrill, to touch
some sunny head, or gaze into some soft blue
eye, that has opened afresh the fount of tears,
and sent to the troubled lips the murmuring
heart-plaint, "Would to God I had died for thee
my child—my child?"—who when the wintry
blast comes eddying by, shudders not, because
she cannot fold to her own warm breast the lit-
tle lonely sleeper in the cold church yard?

And oh, is there one, who with such "treas-
ure laid up in heaven," clings not less to earth,
strives not the more to keep her spirit undelled,
fears not the less the dim, dark valley cheered
by a cherub voice, inaudible save to the dying
mother's ear?

Oh, stoney-eyed, stoney-hearted, relentless fash-
ion! turn for us day into night, if thou wilt; de-
form our women; half clothe with flimsy fabric
our victim children; wring the last penny from
the sighing, overtasked, toiling husband; banish
to the back woods thy country cousins. Com-
fort; reign supreme in the banquet hall; revel
undisturbed at the dance; but when that grim
ghost whom none invite—whom none deny,
strides with defiant front, across the threshold;
stand back thou heartless harlequin and leave us
alone with the dead; so shall we list the les-
sons those voiceless lips shall teach us—"All is
vanity."

[Fanny Fern.]

The California popular vote will this year
reach 80,000 it is said. The city of San Fran-
cisco polls 10,113 votes, being an increase of
2,127 votes since the Presidential election, when
it stood 7,986. The vote in the rural districts
of the county has risen in the same time from
430 to 826. The vote in the city of Sacramen-
to reaches 5,536 now, against 4,990 at the Presi-
dential election. Marysville polls 1,807 votes,
Stockton, 1,472, and Nevada city, 1,098.

Kingston (Jamaica) dates are to the 28th ult.
No little apprehension exists there touching the
cholera, which is said to have already made its
appearance in some of the Islands. A genuine
case had been reported in Kingston.

The difference between happiness and wis-
dom is, that he who thinks himself most happy
is so. But in the case of wisdom, it is gener-
ally just the reverse.

THE GREATEST CLIPPER-SHIP IN THE WORLD.

—On the 4th inst., the mammoth clipper ship
"Great Republic," was successfully launched at
East Boston, bounding into her adopted element
amid the cheers of thirty thousand spectators.—
She is a marine wonder, the longest, largest,
and sharpest ship ever built in the U. States.—
The dimensions given her in the Boston papers
are, length 325 feet, width 53 feet, depth 36 feet,
registered tonnage, 4,000, with stowage capacity
for between 6,000 and 8,000 tons.

It is estimated that she has 2,380 tons of white
oak in her frames, hooks, and knees; 1,500,000
feet of hard pine in her keelsons, ceiling, deck
frames, decks, planking, &c., 300 tons of iron,
50 tons of copper, 1,600 knees, and that the la-
bor bestowed upon her amounts to 50,000 days'
work. She has concave lines forward and aft,
and a round stern and is coppered up to 25 feet
draught.

All her accommodations are on the upper be-
tween decks, and on the spar deck she has a shel-
ter house for the crew in bad weather, a steam
engine of 15 horse power, designed to do all the
heavy work of the ship, such as taking in and
discharging cargo, and hoisting top-sails at sea.
She has four masts, the after one fore-and-aft rig-
ged, like the mizzenmast of a bark, and the others
have Forbes' square rig. Her mainmast is
4 feet in diameter, and 131 feet long, and the
mainyard is 28 inches in diameter, and 120 feet
long, and the others in like proportion. She will
spread 16,000 yards of canvas in a single suit of
sails, and will carry 100 men and 30 boys. She
is owned and was built by Donald McKay, of
East Boston; this fact is already known thro'-
out the length and breadth of the land. She will
be commanded by his brother, Capt. L. McKay,
formerly of the "Sovereign of the Seas."

[Scientific American.]

The scenes at the Woman's Rights Conven-
tion in New York, were the most amusing that
we ever participated in. There were no less than
twenty persons talking at the same time, viz:
eleven Bloomers, one bouquet-seller, three mar-
ket boys, two anti-slavery men, two "come out-
ers" and the editor of the Tribune. We annex
the speeches:

"The female mind has been trampled on for
centuries."

"Go it old gal!"

"As is this handful of flowers so is the per-
fume which is wafted from the garden of Philan-
thropy."

"Gas."

"Is there a person in this assembly who ever
had a mother?"

"I expect not."

"The pulpit must come to the rescue. If evil
is ever flooded in this world, righteousness must
wrestle with it."

"Good again! Who'll form a ring?"

"The bonds of the slave must be loosened!—
The land is groaning with wickedness."

"Got the cholera, perhaps. Give it a little gin
and peppermint."

"Mr. President, there is only one paper in this
State that stands up for the cause of right and
progress—and that paper is mine."

"Three cheers for the old white coat."

"Woman is a great institution, and should
have her rights."

"That's a fact. Let's tickle it!"

As this remark seemed to have a double mean-
ing, it got up a general laugh, in the midst of
which we left. [N. Y. Dutchman.]

NEW USE FOR A COMET.—The comet which
has lately been visible, has served a priest not
far from Warsaw, with materials for a very curi-
ous sermon. After having summoned his con-
gregation together, although it was neither Sun-
day nor festival, and showing them the comet, he
informed them that it was the same star that had
appeared to the Magi at the birth of our Savior
and that it was only visible now in the Russian
Empire. Its appearance on this occasion was to
intimate to the Russian eagle, that the time was
now come for it to spread out its wings and em-
brace all mankind in one orthodox, self-sanctify-
ing church. He showed them that the star was
now standing immediately over Constantinople,
and explained that the dull light of the nucleus
indicated its sorrows at the delays of the Rus-
sian army in proceeding to its destination, &c.!

CUT A DIDO.—It is told in history that Dido,
a queen of Tyre, about 870 years before Christ,
fled from that place on the murder of her hus-
band, and with a colony settled upon the north-
ern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage.—
Being in want of land, she bargained with the
natives for as much as she could surround with
a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she
cut a bull's hide into fine strings, and, tying
them together, claimed as much land as she
could surround with the long line she had thus
made. The natives allowed the cunning queen
to have her way; but when anybody played off
a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido," and
the phrase has come down to our day.

The commanding officer at Fort Kearney re-
ports, says the Washington Star, that the last
of the overland emigration for Oregon and Cali-
fornia of this season passed that fort about the
15th of August. The total number during the
season were as follows: 9,909 men, 2,252 wo-
men, 3,053 children, 5,477 horses, 2,190 mules,
105,792 cattle, 3,708 wagons, and 48,495 sheep.

This does not include that part of the emigra-
tion which passed on the north side of the
Platte river.

Judge S.—had a very wild son named Bob,
who was constantly on a spree, and upon being
brought up once before the Court for drunken-